THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

VOL. II.] *PHILADELPHIA, August* 9, 1806. [No. 32.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO. XX.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sits ere Mercury can rise.

POPE.

I am not one of thoſe rigid moraliſts who proſcribe works of fiction en maſſe, and hunt down novels and romances with all the bitterneſs of revenge, becauſe ſome are exceptionable:—nor am I an advocate for their frequent peruſal, becauſe ſome of them poſſeſs conſiderable merit. It muſt be allowed by the moſt auſtere, that when the principles of man are fixed, and his character formed, there can be little danger of works of fiction ſo operating upon the imagination, as to miſlead the judgment. But before this period of life, their tendency is certainly injurious. It might therefore be proper in the education of youth, carefully to guard againſt the accidental peruſal of novels; for who that has read them, will refuſe to acknowledge their powers of faſcination, when created by the luxuriant fancy of a Radcliffe, a Bernay, or a Helme? Example, it is ſaid, is of much more utility in illuſtration, than precept; and perhaps I am not leſs inclined to give my aſſent to this doctrine, becauſe it will permit me to indulge in a natural fondneſs for egotiſm. Know then, *gentle* reader, that at the early age of fourteen, I fell in love—not with fleſh and blood, but with a circulating library. After having devoured with ardour a great part of its contents, to the great abſtraction of my mind from the buſineſs, in learning which I was engaged, I found myſelf endowed with an extraordinary ſuſceptibility of heart, and tenderneſs of diſpoſition. I continually reflected on the pleaſure which a congeniality of taſte and ſentiments between the ſexes, and a reciprocal attachment muſt produce; and I ſighed for an opportunity to throw myſelf at the feet of ſome of the beauties, whoſe forms were depictured by my ardent imagination. From ſixteen to twenty, I paſſed my time in romantic ſpeculations; now the ſlave of one goddeſs, and now a devotee at the ſhrine of another. No young lady of common charms could eſcape the incenſe of my ſighs, or the homage of my adoration. Nor yet was I an univerſal lover; on the contrary, fidelity to her, who for the ſeaſon, was miſtreſs of the aſcendant, was my characteriſtic. It is, true that the flames which conſumed me, were extinguiſhed every few weeks, and I diſcovered that my paſt attachments were the mere offſpring of a childiſh fancy; thoſe to be formed would certainly be of a different caſt. Thus one love fit ſucceeded another, as the phœnix riſes from the aſhes of its predeceſſor, without leaving a trace of the paſt, or giving a ſingle ſymptom of duration. In this interval of time, a period which is certainly the moſt favorable for the cultivation of the mind, and the acquiſition of knowledge, I appropriated not a ſingle moment to any uſeful purpoſe. Buſineſs was unattended to, the ſciences forgotten, and the ſhare of talents I poſſeſſed, ſuffered to lay neglected and unimproved. The only effuſions of the mind, were ſome idle ſonnets and unmeaning ſtanzas to the goddeſſes of my idolatry, which ſerved but as fuel to the flame, or as a confirmation of the diſorder. At the age of twenty-three I firſt ſaw AMANDA. Her beauty excited a paſſion which her good ſenſe and affability confirmed, and for the firſt time in my life I felt a ſincere and fervent attachment. It was not till this period that I was conſcious of the abſurdity of my conduct. I had obtained the unenviable character of a male coquette, when my only fault was the misfortune of a too ardent imagination, heated by the productions I had peruſed with ſo much avidity, and poſſeſſed of a biaſs too powerful for my judgment. It may be reaſonably ſuppoſed, that Amanda could not be favourably prepoſſeſſed with my character; but ſhe had too much good ſenſe to decide upon the report of others. I was introduced to her, and paid her the moſt aſſiduous attention; in fact I finally ſolicited her hand. She had diſcovered in me a mind wholly unimproved; and however the ſoil might have been ſuſceptible of cultivation, it was overrun with weeds, the monſtrous growth of a neglected education, which time only could irradicate. A mind ſo uncongenial with her own, could not be the object of a ſincere attachment. A refuſal was the conſequence of my application, and being left to the ſorrow of a hopeleſs affection, reflection developed the error which was the cauſe of my misfortune. When time had ſoftened the mortification I experienced, I endeavoured to repair the injury which I had occaſioned to myſelf. I engaged in ſtudy with the ardour I had formerly felt in love; but the days of youth and of rapid improvement were gone forever. Slowly did the light of knowledge dawn upon my ſoul; the dark clouds of ignorance lingered around me, and left with reluctance the ſubject of their dominion. Conſtant ſtudy and continual reading, have but raiſed me to the point of mediocrity in knowledge, when a proper attention in early life, might have in a great degree ſuperceded the neceſſity of laborious thought and intenſe application. I look back upon the paſt as a dream—as a portion of time that has elapſed in a diſagreeable ſlumber, enervating to the body and deſtructive to the mind. It is well for mankind, that the occurrence of vexatious accidents, occaſionally point out to them the fallibility of their judgment, and the narrowneſs of their powers. From my own experience, I am well convinced, that the human intellect is too limited in its operations to ſubſerve in an equal degree more than one maſter paſſion; and that Love, when indulged, is incompatible with the ſtudy of the ſciences, and the improvement of the mind.

"Then let the *ſtudious* youth beware of love,
Of the ſoft glance beware;"

when his perception is quick, and his ge-

nius in its vigour, let him form his character and eſtabliſh his principles; let him glean from the ancients and the moderns a ſtore of knowledge, that when the ſtar of Venus has deſcended below the horizon, and ceaſed to gild his hemiſphere with her voluptuous radiance, he may not have to dread the monoteny of a vegetable exiſtence.

W.

For the Evening Fire-side.

TO HENRY.

From want remov'd, from affluence far,
Content I lead a cheerful life:
Love shines my morn and evening star,
Concentred in my charming wife.

No changing planet, no false rays,
From her bright eye deceive my heart,
But all is one unclouded blaze,
Struck out from Nature's purest part.

My friend! like me select a fair,
Adorn'd with simple Virtue's charms,
And trust me thou wilt find each care,
Fly from the circle of her arms.

If Fortune smile, thy rapture, where
Can'st thou so cheerfully impart,
If Fortune frown, repose thy care:
In the lov'd confines of her heart.

If pain afflict thee, and disease
Invade thy shrinking, trembling form,
She shall thy hours of languor please,
Thy heart with fond caresses warm.

When business with his torturing train,
Infests with care thy aching head;
And revels in thy madden'd brain,
Till mirth and joy and hope have fled.

She shall with soothing accents calm,
Thy anxious heart, thy troubled soul;
She will infuse Hope's healing balm,
And all thy torturing cares controul.

Here from the city far remov'd,
No *gloomy tyrant* mars my peace;
But bless'd with all most dearly lov'd,
Heaven bids each sullen murmur cease.

To thee, whom Fortune still retains
Within the city's noisy bound,
Doom'd by thy choice to wear the chains,
Which this *dread tyrant's* slaves surround.

A wife, the first best boon of Heaven,
Is wanting still, to cheer thy hours;
To greet thee with her smile at even,
And to recall thy wonted powers.

No longer waste thy youthful days,
In dreaming o'er the scenes of life;
But terminate thy vain delays,
And take unto thy heart a wife.

EDWARD.

Chester County, July 20, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PEDLAR: NO. IV.

How various his employments
Whom the world calls idle.

COWPER.

Many, who, apparently, are like drones in the creation, ſeeming through indolence or infirmity, to be uſeleſs to themſelves or their fellow creatures, may nevertheleſs have ſome employment, which, far from being cenſurable, is more noble than that which frequently occupies the hours of buſy circles. Yon ſtraggling fellow, who is wandering through the woods, and ſauntering over the fields, inſtead of wielding the flail or mattock, or plying the ſpade, may nevertheleſs be improving his mind and expanding his intellectual powers, by contemplating the wonders and beauties of creation. That Lazer-like being who lies ſtretched beneath the ſhade of a ſpreading beach, on the banks of yon purling ſtream, might well enough fill ſome department in the buſy round of domeſtic employments, yet who dare ſay that he is now ſpending his time in idleneſs? He may be liſtening to the bubbling of the rill below, or to the ſongs of the feathered choir above, or contemplating the beauties of the variegated landſcape ſpread out before him, or viewing with "ſtupendous gaze," the clouds that float in blue ether through the lofty ſkies: Thus

"Looking through Nature, up to Nature's God,"

he is no doubt exalting his mind, and ſtoring it with more permanent treaſure than all the buſy turmoils of a vain world could poſſibly confer. Certainly he is more nobly employed, than he who waſtes his ſtrength in the accumulation of gold, and who ſacrifices his health daily on the altar of Mammon.

R.

For the Evening Fire-side.

ODE TO LOQUACITY.

To thee, Loquacity, I'm much indebted,
Which gratitude now prompts me to declare;
Tho' for my lack of virtue, I ne'er fretted,
Deny this truth who know me, if you dare,

Tho' ignorant, I have not fail'd to shew it,
In all my smoothest strains of eloquence:
That all may know, I am a shallow Poet,
Who trifles value rather than good sense.

When first from me the rays of genius shone,
Tho' ignorance, of cenſure was not ſparing,
Boldly upon the critic's peerleſs throne,
I ſat ſupreme, for juſter claims not caring.

And why? becauſe tho' modeſty pretending,
Loquacity, and pride uſurp'd its place;
Hypocriſy, my every act attending,
Spread far and near my merited diſgrace.

Tho' what I've ſaid and ever wiſh to ſay;
I'm ſenſible will not increaſe my fame:
Yet I'll not flinch—for never dawn'd that day,
When I was ſenſible to virtuous ſhame.

How oft' do I far from my dwelling ſtray,
With female friend to ſpend an evening hour;
And like a parrot, ſing my borrow'd lay,
Or bid the voice of flattery—nonſenſe pour.

And frequent too, with her I chiefly prize
I've yawn'd an hour, while my betraying tongue,
Declar'd how I was ever prone to vice,
And courted vanity when I was young.

Some think one true diſcreet and ſober friend,
Yields more true pleaſure to the ſerious mind,
Than with diſcordant, jarring ſouls to blend,
To all the paths of vanity inclin'd.

But if at ſlander thou would'ſt grow expert,
And wiſh to wound thy neighbour's virtuous name
Fly frequent where the giddy hold their court,
And add new laurels to thy well-known fame.

How bleſt are they, who in miſchievous freak,
Unmeaning words in torrents can diſpenſe!
Far better never think, but frequent ſpeak,
Than fail to ſhow to wit, thy vain pretence.

May all mankind reſound thy lofty praiſe,
Acknowledging thy wide-ſpread influence;
While I ſo ſweetly pour my ſleepy lays,
In flowing numbers tho' devoid of

SENSE.

For the Evening Fire-side.

ODE TO CHANCE.

From CHANCE, ſome benefits that were deriv'd,
Tho' never yet immortaliz'd in ſong;
Have by tradition, Adam's ſons among
The wreck of nations, happily ſurviv'd:

Which proves, in ſpite of controverſial art,
That *ſhe* has acted a conſpicuous part
From earlieſt times;
And I believe this ſaying ſtrictly true;
That CHANCE has always more or leſs to do
In making rhymes.

Altho' I feel the power of inſpiration,
I hope her ladyſhip will ſtill be preſent,
And ſupercede the need of penetration:
As I have raiſ'd the reader's expectation,
I'd wiſh to furniſh ſomething *extra* pleaſant.

Here goes—'tis a diſcov'ry little known,
Which CHANCE herſelf brought to my recollection;
'Gainſt which, no one can raiſe a good objection,
Or ſay 'twas not produced by CHANCE alone.

The circumſtance at large I muſt relate;
(The very thought of which my fancy tickles;)
How CHANCE diſcovered to a houſe-wife—*great*,
The *all-important* art of greening pickles!

Her maid was carrying, if I right remember,
A pail of *greasy sundries* to the cellar;
To mention which, my sentence would dismember,
And make a squeamish lady blush to tell her.

However, (blessings on her stumbling carcase!)
As she descended, rapidly the staircase,
Just one mistep, the business did completely;
The maid escap'd without a bruise or fracture,
And no Hysteric fits I think attack'd her—
A tub of pickles caught the *sundries* neatly.

The mistress, you suppose, now rav'd and scolded;
No, not at all—she was not so uncivil;
She knew that good, might be produc'd from evil,
And bore it patiently, as Job of old did.

This was much better than to raise a quarrel:
She told the maid with *soap-suds* well to scour 'em,
Until they look'd as if she could devour 'em:
'T was done—and they were green as leaves of *laurel*.

To CHANCE, I think, 'twill hardly be denied,
Is owing the discovery I've recorded:
I hope, a gen'rous public will decide,
That I with praise, at least, should be rewarded.

PATTY PINDAR.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

FROM THE AMERICAN LETTERS.

The Appendages of St. Peter's.

(Continued.)

Above the principal Gate of the Portico, and beneath the elevated Balcony, from which are pronounced, over kneeling Multitudes, the benedictions, and the anathemas, of the Tiara; and upon the bronze enclosure of the Chair of St. Peter, at the west end of the Nave, are exquisitely embossed, in brass and marble, the story of the Great Shepherd, charging Peter to feed his Sheep, and that of his presenting him with the keys of the Kingdom, when the well known allusion was made to the name of the Apostle, as also of signifying *a stone*.

Pretended Infallibility might blush for its literal construction of the equivocal epithet, on recurring to the Patriarchal prediction of *the Stone of Israel** the Prophetic anticipation of the Royal Psalmist, that *the Stone, which the Builders would reject, should become the Head of the Corner*; or the promise of the God of Abraham, by the mouth of the Evangelical Prophet, "Behold I lay in Zion, for a Foundation, a Stone—a tried Stone—a precious Corner Stone.

If however by this sublime annunciation, concurring Prophets can be supposed to have proclaimed the Apostle, let the Apostle himself explain the Prophets: "Be it known unto you all (said Peter to the unbelieving Jews) "that *Jesus Christ*, of Naza-"reth, whom God raised from the Dead, "is *the Stone* which was set at naught of "you Builders, which is become the Head "of the Corner."*

* Genesis xlix. 24.

* * *

Among the innumerable Monuments of Art with which St. Peter's abounds, in Painting and Sculpture, the most remarkable are the Transfiguration—of Raphael, the Communion—of Domenichino, and the St. Petronilla—of Guercino de Cento.

These celebrated Masterpieces are here exquisitely copied from the Originals, in Mosaic-work, a species of colouring which consists of square pieces of marble, or composition, so perfectly arranged, that at the distance of a few feet, it can only be distinguished from Paintings in oil by the marble gloss, that renders the colours more vivid.

Each of them contains fifteen or twenty Figures, larger than the life, in a pannel fifteen feet wide, and five and twenty high.

I have mentioned them in the order in which they are usually esteemed at Rome, which is the scale of their respective Authors, in the estimation of Italian Connoisseurs: but Foreign taste, regardless of rules and reputations, frequently reverses these particular productions of those inestimable Artists.

The Ascension of St. Petronilla, a Saint unknown to Protestants, but, in the Romish Kalendar, the Daughter of St. Peter, represents two scenes immediately dependant on each other, however irreconcilable with the *orthodox* idea of the Resurrection of the Body, and the Day of Judgment. At the bottom of the Picture, two Men are seen lowering the Corpse into the grave, adorned with flowers, after the manner of Antiquity, while the Spirit appears above, in shining garments, the gracious Being that said to the penitent Thief on the cross, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise" receiving her into Heaven, without the intervention of Purgatorial fire. But it is not my intention to implicate the faith of the Painter—there is no heresy in his performance: yet the peculiar delusion of this piece is owing to the happy application of mosaic tints to the strong colouring of Guercino, which produces upon the polished surface the effect of a real bas relief, in coloured marbles.

In the Communion of St. Jerome, the dying Saint displays the Christian triumph over Death, Hell, and the grave, as One about to receive the welcome sentence of "Well done, good and faithful Servant! "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Yet the administering Priests attend with an air of hypocrisy, or indifference, but too well drawn from the life. The shadow of the platter on which the superannuated officiator tremulously conveys the consecrated Wafer, falls so naturally upon the face of a kneeling Attendant, that Fancy aids the illusion, and it seems to waver under his palsied hand.

* Acts iv. 10, 11.

The Transfiguration of Christ, before Peter, James, and John, when Moses and Elias, appeared with him on Mount Tabor, is exquisitely fine, in the principal Figure—self-balanced in the air—and beaming with light. But the attendant Prophets, can only serve as foils; and the Story of the Maniac, from whom the Disciples could not cast out an evil Spirit in the absence of their Master, is strangely introduced below, though we are told that the transfiguration happened *on a high mountain—apart*.

The finest things in Sculpture, as to design and execution (for all the Monuments of St. Peter's are inconceivably rich in variegated marbles) are the Tomb of Clement XIII. by Canova—a living Artist; and that of Paul III. by William de la Porte—a Pupil of Michael Angelo.

These unequalled Essays of Modern Sculpture are invariably distinguished from other Mausoleums of Popes and Princes, equally rich and splendid, by the spontaneous admiration of surrounding Crowds.

The design of the former is at once simple and majestic—a Genius, in a disconsolate attitude, extinguishing the torch of life, and Religion, triumphant over the grave, having at their feet two Lions (one sleeping, the other watchful) support a square tomb, upon which the Pope appears, kneeling, in his pontifical habits—the tiara at his feet. This incomparable Cenotaph is not less than twenty feet high, the whole executed in white marble, except the Lions, and their pedestals, in grey.

The Artist of the Latter surpassed his Age, the Sixteenth Century, there being nothing equal to this, in marble, of that period, though bronze works had even then attained the summit of perfection at Florence, under the fostering patronage of the Medicean Family.—Justice and Prudence lie recumbent, on a pedestal, before the tomb of Paul III. who sits above, in the attitude of giving the benediction—the tiara on his head, and on his finger the episcopal ring. The figure of the Pope is of bronze, but Justice and Prudence of white

marble—the Latter, an aged Matron—the Former a youthful Virgin, ſo charming in native dignity and grace, that it was found indiſpenſably neceſſary to cover a part of the body with a bronze drapery.

The Statuary of Michael Angelo and the Chevalier Bernini, at St. Peter's, is greatly inferior to theſe incomparable performances. You muſt therefore here ſtudy the genius of the Former in the aery concave of the Dome; and of the Latter, in the ſplendid deſigns, executed in gilt bronze for the decoration of the High Altar, and the Papal Chair.

(To be continued.)

From the Political Obſervatory.

As I ſat by my window, the other day, viewing, with delight, the beautiful variety of ſurrounding objects; I beheld Affectatus, at a diſtance, walking towards me.—His gait was affected. Every movement of his limbs and his body beſpake oſtentation and ſelf conceit. My curioſity was excited. I fixed my eyes upon him, and ſurveyed with wonder, this unpleaſing phenomenon in human nature. It really ſeemed that he thought the earth too mean to be marked with his honorable foot-ſteps. As he drew nigher, I could more plainly diſcover his uncommon airs of affectation. What a pity it is, ſaid I to myſelf, that this man was not born a *real* ape, that he might not thus degrade the order of beings with which he claims an affinity. If nature ever ſwerved from her fixed laws, this man muſt certainly have been one of the effects of that deviation.

As he paſſed by, I fancied him to be uttering the following ſoliloquy. "What a grand appearance I make! I dare ſay the perſon who beholds me from the window has an exalted opinion of me. I thank God that I was born with ſo noble a mind. A principle, implanted within, bids me ſeek reverence and reſpect from man; and, by an artful diſplay of ſuperior accompliſhments, to make him feel his inferiority.—To this end, I copy, with aſſiduous attention, the lofty airs of the honorable and high bred; and I have a fair proſpect of its being greatly beneficial to me. Already, I fancy there is more than ordinary reſpect paid to me: already I begin to look with contempt on the vulgar *herd*, and claim a rank with ſome of the moſt reſpectable characters.—Some ignorant, envious, fellows pretend to call this an affected ſuperiority; but, notwithſtanding, *I ſhall, undoubtedly, be ſomething yet.*"

Yes, yes, ſaid I, you will indeed be *ſomething;* but it can only be what you are now, to a greater degree—an object of pity to your friends (if you ſhould be ſo fortunate as to have any,) and a laughing-ſtock to the world.

I turned my eyes from him with diſguſt; but could not eraſe the impreſſion he had made upon my mind. It appeared ſtrange that any perſon ſhould make ſuch unwearied exertions to render himſelf ridiculous.—In ſhort, I pitied the perſon and deſpiſed his behaviour.

Now, this ſelf-conceit of his, is founded only in ſelf-ignorance. Two grains of ſelf-knowledge would deſtroy the whole,—"but alas! he has them not." "Two grains!" ſays the reader, "would that have any effect in curing ſo bad a diſorder?" Yes.—Self-knowledge is the moſt efficacious remedy for pride, that ever was preſcribed. It never fails of a *complete* cure. It reſtores to man the mild and agreeable temperature of candor and humility. It adds energy to all the virtuous parts of his moral conſtitution and ſubdues the vicious ones. It is not only a ſure remedy, in the deſperate caſe above mentioned; but, is alſo a ſovereign antidote for many other pernicious diſorders of the mind: and as it can do no one any harm, I would adviſe every perſon, who deſires happineſs, and wiſhes long life to his reputation, to take as large a portion of it every day as he can poſſibly obtain.—The buſineſs of acquiring it, may perhaps, be rather irkſome at firſt; but the advantages derived from it will more than compenſate for the trouble—and a little practice will render the taſk a pleaſure.

Perhaps it may be thought by this time, that if the writer, himſelf, had attended a little more ſtrictly to the preſcription he has given, he would not have thus preſumed to intrude on the public. If ſo, I anſwer—the charge may be true. I dare not deny it; but comfort myſelf with a hope, that the fault of ſelf-ignorance, which is ſo common in the world, will be overlooked by the candid.

VERUM.

THE ANGLE OF INTELLIGENCE:

An Eaſtern Tale.

The ſun had paſſed his meridian ſplendor, and was deſcending behind the ſummits of the weſtern hills; had tinged the evening clouds with his radiance, and the mild luſtre of his retireing beams danced upon the horizon; when Zadib, weared with the burden of affliction, retired to the Groves of Madian, to ſeek that conſolation which had long been a ſtranger to his breaſt. In the Groves of Madian might be enjoyed the pleaſures of ſolitude, and in their deep receſſes communion was ſometimes held with ſuperior Beings. Not all the gold of Ophir, the richeſt treaſures in Arabia, or the unrivalled ſplendor of eaſtern magnificence, could procure the ſmile of complacency upon the face of Zadib: on his brows were imprinted the furrows of care, and the ſigh of anxious ſolicitude proceeded from his boſom—"To what purpoſe (ſaid he) are the gifts of nature, and the objects of ambition, diſtributed to me? are not the arrows of death perpetually hovering around me, and ſhall I not be ſhortly numbered with the forgotten multitudes that are mouldering in the duſt? My life has been a ſcene of diſappointed hopes! The ſchemes of happineſs which I formed, and fondly thought the approbation of virtue was obtained upon them, even theſe have vaniſhed as the meteor, which dazzles for a moment, diſappears, and leaves no traces of its exiſtence. I have ſought, in my numerous poſſeſſions, a relief which I cannot find, and a conſolation which it is not in their power to beſtow. Inſtead of that happineſs which I vainly believed to be the inheritance of man, deep indeed has been the cup of ſorrow that hath been allotted me!" He had ſcarcely uttered this ſoliloquy, when the Angel of Divine Intelligence appeared before him: his appearance was beautiful as the rainbow that proclaims an end to the tremendous thunder, which ſhakes the arch of heaven with its tumult, and ſpreads diſmay upon the hearts of men. At his approach, Zadib fell proſtrate, and ſought to veil his face in the foldings of his robe, while the language of adoration remained ſuſpended upon his lips. "Riſe, Zadib, (ſaid the Angel, with a ſerenity beaming upon his countenance, that pronounced him a meſſenger of peace) ariſe; thy adorations are only due to him, from whoſe hand alone was thy exiſtence: on whom its duration depends: who formed the baſis of the everlaſting hills, and before whoſe throne the mighty Arch-Angels worſhip with reverential fear! The ſecret receſſes of thy heart have been penetrated, thy lamentations have been heard, and I am ſent, the miniſter of conſolation, to heal thy wounded boſom. Thou haſt, indeed, vainly ſought for happineſs in thoſe terreſtrial

objects, from whence it never can be obtained; the meditations of thy heart have not been directed aright; accuſtomed to earthly views, thy expectations were bounded in thy preſent ſtate of exiſtence, and the poſſeſſions of futurity were not the objects of thy hopes. It is Virtue only that can enſure thee theſe poſſeſſions: her glorious influence will irradiate thy mind; and as her purſuits are immortal, they are the only ones worthy to engage the attention of immortal beings. Virtue will ſurvive the tranſient exiſtence of time; when the laurals of ambition ſhall fade, and the wreaths of adulation, beſtowed upon the undeſerving, ſhall wither upon their brows: when the empty honours of a name ſhall ceaſe for ever, and the votaries of vice and folly be mingled with their duſty original: her exiſtence will be ſtill permanent: ſhe will ſtill be riſing upon the immortal wings of endleſs duration: Virtue will teach thee to conſider the preſent only as a ſtate of probation, and thyſelf as a traveller haſtening forward in ſearch of a better country. She will be unto thee a never failing friend, conducting thee to the celeſtial regions, where uninterrupted felicity will be thy inheritance. But remember, Zadib, the means, and know that it will be principally by affliction thou wilt be fitted for thoſe enjoyments. Repine no longer at the cup allotted thee, for although its draught may be ſometimes bitter, there is inſcribed upon it, Everlaſting Health! He who hath appointed Adverſity to adminiſter inſtruction, hath commanded Chearfulneſs to poſſeſs thy dwelling. Be it thine to communicate the inſtructions thou haſt received: alleviate to the utmoſt of thy abilities the calamities of others, and never ſuffer the tear of ſorrow upon that eye, nor the ſigh of affliction to heave that breaſt, from whence it may be in thy power to remove them. And now, O Zadib, if thou wouldſt obtain the end of thy purſuits; if happineſs be the wiſh of thy ſoul, and the object of thy perſeverance; if Virtue has any chams for thee; or Benevolence, the brighteſt ornament of thy race, any attractions to allure thee: then liſten to my admonitions, and let them be engraven upon the tablet of thy heart, laſting as the monuments of antiquity, on the rocks of adamant. Then ſhalt thou wait with unfailing patience for the arrival of that friendly hand, which will draw aſide the curtain of Futurity, and diſcover to thee the realms of an Immortal Paradiſe!"

The counſels of the Angel ſunk deep into the breaſt of Zadib: the clouds of his ſoul were diſſipated, like the morning miſts before the riſing ſun; he returned to diffuse around him the ſmiles of ſocial benevolence, and the beams of celeſtial hope were ſpread over the remaining days of Zadib.

The counſels of the Meſſenger of Intelligence are not recorded, becauſe they cannot now be obtained; they may ſtill be heard. The groves of Madian are ſtill open, not only to thee, but to every ſon and daughter of Humanity; for know, the Groves of Madian are the deep receſſes of the human heart.

For the Evening Fire-side.

A LOVER'S MEMENTO'S.

Whene'er I wander o'er the lawn,
To taste the balmy sweets of morn;
When warbling songsters hail the dawn,
And dew drops glitter on the thorn;

In all the beauties I survey,
I emblems of MATILDA find;—
The stillness of the rising day,
Resembles most her tranquil mind.

The lake whose smiling surface shows,
The azure of the sky serene;
Or with reflected lustre glows,
The mirrors of the rural scene;

Reminds me of the placid joy,
That reigns in her unspotted breast:
Which Fortune's power can ne'er destroy,
Nor all her envious arts molest.

When from the potent noontide ray,
I seek the waving poplar's shade;—
Or sheltered from the beams of day,
I roam thro' yon sequester'd glade;

The grateful gales that breathe around,
The genial influence they impart;
Recall the gentle virtues found,
In my MATILDA'S constant heart.

The 'verdue that adorns the plain,
The fragrance that the flowers exhale,
The artless carrols of the swain,
Reclining in the winding vale,

All, all remind me of the maid,
Whose charms enchain'd my throbbing heart,
When first to Cupid's power betray'd,
I felt and own'd his pleasing art.

When in my boat upon the lake,
At eve I woo sweet Fancy's power;
When no bleak winds the waters shake,
And no dun clouds around me lower;

I paint the hour when proudly bless'd,
With all MATILDA'S glowing charms;
Reclining thus on her fond breast,
I clasp her in my ardent arms.

AMOROSO.

From the Port Folio.

[In devoting a part of our attention to the interests of the rising generation, we but fulfil a duty, which to neglect were highly criminal. We have watched the progress of seminaries of learning with a careful eye; and we have reason to assert, that in no country should we find an establishment better calculated to diffuse useful and elegant information than the academy of the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, whose exertions and perseverance under various difficulties have, at length, permanently established an institution which cannot fail to be as advantageous to the public, as it is honourable to the learned and ingenious director.

The following eloquent charge we have procured from the author, and we introduce it with the more pleasure, as, whilst we give publicity to so excellent an exhortation, we have an opportunity of expressing our esteem for the character of Dr. Abercrombie, and our respect for his talents and industry.]

A charge delivered, after a Public Examination, on the thirty-first of July, 1806, to the Senior Claſs of the Philadelphia Academy, upon their having completed the courſe of Study preſcribed by that Inſtitution, by James Abercrombie, D. D. Director of the Academy.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

In conformity to the uſage heretofore obſerved in this ſeminary, I ſhall conclude the exerciſes of the day, by offering you my moſt ardent and affectionate wiſhes for your future proſperity and uſefulneſs, and by ſuggeſting a few ſentiments reſpecting the proſecution of your ſtudies, and the general direction and government of your conduct.

The time which has already been occupied in atteſting your diligence and ſucceſs, in acquiring a knowledge of thoſe branches of ſcience which have been preſented to your attention, conſtitutes ſo large a portion of that uſually appropriated to ſuch examinations, that I muſt neceſſarily confine my obſervations within very reſtricted limits.

You have now paſſed through, and given ample teſtimony of your intimate acquaintance with, that courſe of ſtudy which is peculiar to this inſtitution—a courſe, which the experience of ſome years has inconteſtibly proved, affords the moſt ſolid, and permanent *foundation* for a liberal or *learned* education, at the ſame time that it qualifies for immediate uſefulneſs and action, thoſe, who do not wiſh to purſue their ſtudies beyond a correct knowledge of our own language, and the branches eſſentially neceſſary to conſtitute a complete *Engliſh* educa-

tion. Your experience and consequent conviction of the utility, and of the natural and necessary connection between the different branches of that system, will, I trust, induce a frequent review of their principles, and an unremitted application of them to the various subjects to which they relate.

The intimate knowledge, which you have acquired of *Grammar*, will not only enable you to express your own ideas with perspicuity, facility and accuracy, but immediately to detect the least deviation from grammatical purity, in the writings and expressions of others. Grammar being the foundation of correct language, is the most essential and important, and ought to be the first object of literary attention presented to the youthful mind. It is the cornerstone of a solid though plain, and the keystone in the *royal arch* of a polished and liberal education, without which the superstructure on the one, and the necessary appendages of the other, will be feeble and unconnected, superficial and imperfect.

In acquiring this valuable branch of instruction, you have been guided not by the faint and uncertain glimmerings of a taper, the just emblem of the too generally received *abridgments*, but by the strong and steady torch-light of the larger grammar of Mr. Lindley Murray, a gentleman whose unwearied exertions on this subject, have done more towards elucidating the obscurities and embellishing the structure of our language, than any other writer upon that subject. To him the world is indebted for an invaluable work which must immortalize his name in the annals of science and polite literature. Such a work has long been wanted, and from the success with which it is executed, cannot be too highly appreciated. While to this meritorious, this inestimable work we attach that value which its intrinsic excellence demands, let us remember with gratitude and patriotic pride, that its pious and learned author is a native of *our* country—that Lindly Murray, who has so successfully employed his time and talents in establishing for our language a standard of grammatical purity and elegance, is an *American*.

It was the want of such a work which induced the celebrated Dr. Knox, in his elaborate and learned treatise upon education, to lament that the study of *English* grammar had so long been neglected, even in the most approved schools. "I have known," says he, "boys who, though they could write Latin grammatically, were unable, for want of this part of instruction, to compose an English letter on a familiar subject, without incorrectness; and, from the want of early instruction, and habitual accuracy, even some celebrated writers in English have made egregious mistakes in *English grammar*." It is, I know, conceived by some, that a sufficient knowledge of the English may be acquired by learning the Latin grammar, but this is certainly a very pernicious and fatal error, the idioms of those two languages being essentially different from each other. And it is unfortunately an error which is seldom discovered by the scholar, till it is too late to be remedied. Be ever on your guard, therefore, against the adoption of those phrases and expressions which too general usage has sanctioned, in direct violation of the purity and propriety of the just and well established principles you have imbibed, and always judge of your own language and its pronunciation, as well as that of others, by the established dictates of Orthography, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody.

As grammar has taught you how to speak and write your native language with propriety and ease, so far as regards words, phrases and sentences, so has the study of *Composition*, with which it is naturally connected, and which in the order of our series next claimed your attention, instructed you how to connect sentences in a regular discourse, to express your ideas with perspicuity, accuracy, and precision, and to accommodate your style to your subject, at the same time teaching you the nature and proper use of figurative language, and to discriminate between just, and superfluous ornaments. Thus have you acquired an unerring test, by which to guide and regulate your own pens, and to ascertain the intrinsic merit of others. Accustom yourselves to bring every composition which you either form or peruse to this criterion of propriety, and you will soon acquire that facility of correct criticism, which will enable you to command not only the force and vigour of pure and energetic, but the pleasing and persuasive charms of polished and classical language.

The graceful and impressive communication of thought, according to the established laws of *Elocution*, constituted the next branch of your studies.

To read well, and to speak gracefully, are very difficult arts, which it falls to the lot of but very few indeed to possess. Yet, though an orator, like a poet, must be chiefly indebted to nature for his qualifications, much may be done by study and exertion, in correcting bad habits and avoiding palpable errors: while even the effusions of genius and the dictates of genuine taste require the guidance of sound judgment and the direction of mature experience, to restrain within proper bounds the effervescence of the one, and to direct the other into the most pleasing and impressive operation. This branch of your education is of the most essential importance to you, from the peculiar organization of our general government, which opens every avenue for the successful display of genuine talents, and particularly for the acquisition of wealth and fame, by the exercise of correct and graceful elocution. In most other countries elevation to dignity of station, and the establishment of professional celebrity depend upon the accidental circumstances of favourable patronage and personal influence: but, with us, inferiority of birth, or obscurity of condition, are no impediments to the attainment of the highest honours which the Bar, the Senate, or the Pulpit can confer. Leaders of the people, luminaries of the church, oracles of the bench, and sages in the legislative councils, may owe their promotion and popularity to the influence of Eloquence and to the charms of Oratory.

" For *language*, polish'd to perfection's form,
" Can, thus responsive to its ends, enchain
" The ravish'd audience with Persuasion's force,
" And Oratory bid e'en myriads hang
" In mute suspension on attractive sounds,
" While skilfully she unlocks with Nature's key
" The secret springs which agitate the soul!"

Under such circumstances, such flattering encouragement—injuction and persuasion cannot be necessary to induce your most active and serious attention to the expansion of those principles, the cultivation of those habits, and the exemplification of those precepts on the art of reading and public speaking which you have so assiduously and successfully imbibed in this seminary. Make it an invariable rule never to read or recite any composition in a careless or hurried manner; but with the strictest observance of the proper accents, quantities, emphasis and pauses; and that due regard to looks, tones and gestures which a correct and just expression requires; and particularly in the reading aloud or blank verse, the highest and most perfect species of poetry, let the injunctions of prosody be rigidly adhered to, without which, its three great objects, melody, harmony and expression cannot possibly be obtained.

Your knowledge of the rudiments of that interesting and inexhaustible source of entertainment and instruction, *Natural Hi-*

tory, will enable you to rank all those wonders of creation, with which we are surrounded, in their respective classes, to investigate their peculiar properties, and to determine the ends for which they were designed: while, "looking from Nature up to Nature's God," your minds will be impressed with a constant sense of the omnipotence, benevolence and wisdom of the Deity.

To promote this happy consequence of investigation, as well as your improvement in so pleasing and important a branch of Literature, let no object belonging to that science pass under your observation without an immediate application of those principles by which you will be enabled not only to class it in that of the three kingdoms of nature to which it belongs, but to determine its particular properties and usefulness. Your daily and increasing intercourse with society, and your consequent attention to the general concerns of the world, as well with respect to those nations with whom we are politically or commercially connected, as with those, who, though not engaged with us in reciprocal communications, excite an interest in their welfare, as constituting a part of the great family of mankind, will of course lead you to keep up a constant recollection of their relative situations, manners, and customs to which your attention has lately been directed by the study of *Geography*. When, therefore, you either read or hear the name of any country, city, river, lake or ocean, if you do not instantly recollect its position on the globe, remember to embrace the first opportunity of ascertaining its exact situation, extent, and boundaries by a map. Thus will you keep alive in your minds, a vivid representation of every part of that great theatre of action in which the several varieties of men and other animals are stationed; together with the various productions, both vegetable and mineral, which different climates produce for their sustenance and accommodation. That acquaintance with the faculties of the human mind, and their operation in apprehending, judging, reasoning, and arranging our thoughts, which you have obtained by wandering through the intricate labyrinths of *Logic*, you will find, if carefully attended to and improved, of infinite service to you in your intercourse with mankind. It will teach you how to form just and inconvertible arguments on every subject—to detect in others the plausible deception of *false* arguments—to supply, and consequently to ascertain, the correctness of the enthymemes used in common conversation, and, on all occasions, not only to detect the delusions of sophistry, but to support your sentiments with that conviction of strength which none but the scholar can feel, and which a knowledge of logic alone can teach you most easily and effectual to exert.

(To be continued.)

Historical Anecdote.

When Monsieur de Ferriol was ambassador from Louis the Fourteenth, at the Ottoman Porte, he either was mad or acted like a madman, which induced one of his domestics, for fear of being chastised in the Turkish manner for a very small fault, to make his escape, and to travel with a missionary who was going into Crim Tartary. After his arrival he left the monk, and rambling about, took shelter at last, with the famous Mirza, who was chief of a hord of Tartars, with whom he remained many months, and having acquired the language, entertained him, like a true Frenchman, with the magnificence that was every where to be seen in his own country, and the extreme misery that reigned in Tartary. The Mirza smiled at his discourses, which the Frenchman took for the highest approbation. The Mirza being at last grown weary of him, brought him to a place that was within two days journey of Caffa, where having pitched his tent, he ordered the Frenchman to attend him.

After regaling him plentifully, and treating him with coffee, he spoke to him thus: "Stranger, our manners are so unlike, thou art, no doubt, as much tired of me, as I am with thee. I found thee almost naked, now thou art well clothed. I gave thee a horse and arms, keep them, and return, if thou wilt, to that paradise of which thou talkest so much. There, it seems, the people are restless and uneasy, which thou hast never seen me. Take these (giving him a bag with a hundred double pistoles) which the Franks calls riches, and which I account signs of poverty, as they serve only to purchase what are the real necessaries of life, and which, as I have these without them, are useless to me. Return, I say, and report to thy countrymen, that *health*, *home*, and *happiness*, flowing from hard fare with content, are all that the Tartars esteem." Was this man a barbarian? or are not these sufficient proofs, that all men bear sufficiently the stamp of their Maker? A lesson worth remembering, as it will teach us humanity and humility at the same time.

ACCOUNT OF A HORNED MAN.

Francis Trouvillou, was a man of a middle stature, a full body, bald, except in the hinder part of the head, which had a few hairs upon it; his temper was morose, and his demeanour altogether rustic; he was born in a little village called Mezieres, and bred up in the woods amongst the charcoal men. About the seventh year of his age he began to have a swelling in his forehead, so that about the seventeenth year of his age he had a horn there as big as a man's finger end, which afterwards did admit of that growth and increase, that when he came to be thirty-five years old, this horn had both the bigness and resemblance of a ram's horn. It grew upon the midst of his forehead, and then bended backward as far as the coronal future, where the other end of it did some times so stick in the skin, that to avoid much pain he was constrained to cut off some part of the end of it: whether this horn had its root in the skin or forehead I know not; but probably being of that weight and bigness, it grew from the skull itself; nor am I certain whether this man had any of those teeth which are called grinders. For 2 months together the man was exposed as a show in Paris, where (saith Urstitius) in the year 1598, I, in company with Dr. Jacobus Faeschius, the public professor at Basil, and Mr. Joannes Eckenstenius, did see and handle this horn. From Paris he was carried to Orleans, where (as I am informed) he died soon after.

ANECDOTES.

A Butcher, who had not very good eyes, was in the habit of wearing spectacles:—one day, having mislaid them, he borrowed a pair of his neighbour, that magnified objects extremely;—and in the course of the day he purchased three fine oxen.—having found his own spectacles, he went to take another view of his oxen; when lo—they were three *calves!*

A learned man who was very poor fell sick and was obliged to be taken to the hospital, the physicians in attending his visits, came to the bedside of this miserable looking object, and soon perceived that he was dangerously ill—and thinking he should not find a fitter object for a desperate experiment, that he had long wished to try—he said to the Surgeons who accompanied him: *Super vile caput faciamus experimentum.*—

The almoſt dying man hearing and underſtanding what was ſaid, fixed his eyes upon the Doctor; and with an air of firmneſs pronounced theſe remarkable words: *Animam vilem dicis quæ pr tioſo Sanguine redempta fuit*:—This reply ſo ſurprized, and confounded the Phyſician, that inſtead of making his intended experiment—he tried his utmoſt to raiſe a patient who had taught him his duty and his religion.

From the Political Barometer.

MR. MITCHELL,

Should you think the following cure for a Felon *or* Whitlow, *worth publiſhing it is at your ſervice.*

Make a thin morter of lime and ſoap, take a thimble that has a top, fill it with the above mentioned mortar, place it directly over the part affected, bind it tight with a cloth, ſo as to prevent the air from getting under the thimble; let it remain two hours, then renew it again, and ſo continue for the ſpace of ſix hours, unleſs the matter appears wholly to be extracted.

For a Pontice.

Take the green bark of elder and bitterſweet, boil them well together in water, then thicken it with Indian meal, apply it to the affected part for the ſpace of 48 hours; after that any healing ſalve will anſwer.

If the above receipt be thoroughly attended to, it may be depended upon as a certain cure. I can witneſs a number of cures it has affected.

AN ENEMY TO PAIN.

PARSNIP WINE.

A late Engliſh publication gives the following receipt for making a cheap and excellent wine, ſuperior to that made of raiſins, out of the vegitable parſnip.—Waſh the parſnips clean, take off the rind, cut them in ſlices, boil for gallon of water, in ten gallons of water; when they are perfectly ſoft [illegible] them and [illegible] to every [illegible] pounds of ſugar, and boil them [illegible] an hour; when it is cold put it [illegible] new yeaſt, let it ſtand ten days in an open veſſel, ſtir it frequently, put it into a caſk, and when it is done fermenting, bung it up for uſe.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

LONDON, June 12.—*Trial of Lord Melville.*—Agreeably to the notice ſent from the Lords to the Commons on Tueſday, that their Lordſhips would proceed further in the trial of Lord Viſcount Melville this day, that Hon. Houſe, attended by their Speaker, were in the High Court of Parliament, Weſtminſter Hall, this morning exactly at ten o'clock. In conſequence, however, of a diſcuſſion which previouſly took place in the Houſe of Peers, it was not till half after eleven o'clock that the proceſſion of their Lordſhips to the Hall took place; and it was twelve before the cuſtomary formalities of opening the Court had been gone through.

The ten articles of impeachment were then read, and the queſtion of Guilty, or not Guilty? was put ſeverally and reſpectively upon each of them to each Peer, beginning with the Junior Baron, each Peer laying his right hand upon his left breaſt, and ſaying to each article "Guilty," or "Not Guilty, upon my honour." After putting the queſtion, and aſcertaining the vote upon each article of impeachment, the Lord Chancellor informed the Noble Defendant that he was ACQUITTED ON ALL THE CHARGES, and the Court broke up.

June 14.—The foreign journal, preſent a maſs of incongruous rumours, from which it is hardly poſſible to collect an intelligible detail—but one thing is certain, that Germany is undergoing a complete change in its political conſtitutions, which will tranſfer all the power and influence of the Germanic Body to Bonaparte and his allies! What further objects are in view it is impoſſible to gueſs, but ſo large an army [illegible] ce now keeps up, cannot be long unemployed.

Lord Selkirk, appointed Ambaſſador to the United States, has taken leave of his government, to depart [illegible] for America.

[illegible]

The French ſquadron, under Jerome Bonaparte, on Friday evening laſt, were [illegible] 70 miles S. of Sandy Hook, ſteering [illegible] the coaſt. We think it probable, that they will ſtop at Boſton for [illegible] and proviſions, and after which proceed to [illegible]

[*New York Gazette.*

Capt. Nash of the ſchooner [illegible] Experiment, in 14 days from St. Bartholomews [illegible] on the 17th inſt. (July) off St. Martins, by a brig belonging to a British fleet, [illegible] conſiſting of ten ſhips. By this [illegible] that admiral Cochrane has been rein[illegible] he ſeemed to expect by his letter pub[illegible] our laſt. This fleet was under a preſs [illegible] in purſuit of the French fleet.

[*Norfolk Ledger.*

Counterfeit Bank Notes.—Two perſons were apprehended in this City on Wedneſday laſt, and committed to priſon, on a charge of counterfeiting and paſſing *Three Dollar Trenton Bank Notes.*—It woud be improper at preſent to make any obſervations on the facts, but any perſon deſirous of knowing the difference between the counterfeit and the genuine notes, may ſee the counterfeits at the office of Alderman KEPPELE, in Cheſnut ſtreet.

There have been ſince found on the man who was detected laſt Saturday in paſſing a counterfeit 100 dollar bill of the Trenton bank to a watchmaker in Maiden lane, a number of 5's and 10's of the ſame bank, which are alſo counterfeited, and very ingeniouſly executed.

(*New York Gazette.*

Interments in the different burial grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 26th July to the 2d Auguſt. Adults 30—Children 34—Total 64.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The bundle of ſelections ſent forward by A. O——o, is juſt received—and ſhall obtain all due attention—From a very haſty glance over it, we fear ſome of the pieces will have to be ſuppreſſed; not for want of merit, but on account of their great publicity.

An Evening Thought, with ſome corrections and abidgements, would do for the Fire-Side; which, if the author chooſes to make, he may have his poem by applying at the office.

H.'s *Elegy* has been inadvertantly left out of our preſent number; it ſhall appear in our next.

The piece ſent forward as original, and ſigned EVANS, we have found over a different ſignature in the London "Town and Country Magazine." This conduct in Evans, (eſpecially after the repeated hints that we have written on the ſubject,) is ungenerous.

☞ The publiſher of the Evening Fire-ſide, *again requeſts*, that thoſe who are in arrears for the laſt year's ſubſcription, to make immediate payment, as he wiſhes to ſettle his accounts.

He alſo reſpectfully informs all thoſe who reſide in the country, who have not paid for the preſent year's ſubſcription, that he expects them to pay the remainder of the year in advance; excepting thoſe who pay to agents.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH RAKESTRAW,
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